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Olive Dame Campbell

Memorial Issue

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EDITORIAL

THREE DAYS AFTER the death of Olive Dame Campbell on June 14, 1954, an editorial in the Asheville Citizen paid tribute to her as one of North Carolina's honored adopted daughters. Following are some quotations from the editorial:

"...John C. Campbell Folk School of far fame... is a tribute to the gentle lady, a woman of incredible vigor and imagination, who believed with her friend Arthur Morgan that 'the fabric of democracy can be created only by the slow patience of personal, family, and community effort.'

"Few people knew the mountains so well. Few have matched and perhaps none have exceeded the contributions of the Campbells, husband and wife..."

"And so the Campbell mark, like the school, endures 'to stimulate, enliven, and enlighten.' There are no better words to describe both the needs and the aspirations of the mountain region."

OLIVE CAMPBELL came into the Southern Mountains with a listening ear that caught the beauty of our old songs, and she transcribed them faithfully so that coming generations might know and enjoy them too. She saw in the whittlers' pocketknives tools for fashioning some of the finest crafts being produced in America today. She comprehended the vast reservoir of native intelligence and ability in the people of the Southern Mountains, and she labored to help them develop their own communities and institutions.

Because the interests and concerns of Mrs. Campbell were so universal, it seemed impossible to write just one article about her, so a committee made up of long-time friends took over the task of gathering appropriate material, and by the time they had brought it together there was enough for a small book. Skilled and patient editing by Edith Canterbury and committee chairman Helen Dingman produced the following special issue of Mountain Life & Work. Louise Pitman and George Bidstrup, other members of the committee, contributed articles and gave much helpful advice.

We hope that this effort will help to bring back many memories to those who knew and loved Mrs. Campbell. We trust, too, that it will help many who could not know her personally to become acquainted with her work and influence for good in the mountains.

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*Her faith in people, her love of the
beautiful, her artistic gifts, her gaiety
of spirit, her indomitable courage, her
powers of objectivity and clear analysis —
these are some of the essential qualities
that were Olive Campbell's, and are the
heritage she has left us. As she lived to
carry on John Campbell's work, so must we
live to carry on hers.*



Olive D. Campbell
1882 - 1954

BACKGROUND YEARS

/////
EDITH CANTERBURY
////

Miss Canterbury is
director of social
work in a large
Boston clinic.

OLIVE DAME CAMPBELL, who died on June 14, 1954, has been one of the most valued friends of my lifetime. Since this has been true for some thirty-seven years, I look back as far as most of those alive today who knew her. Her death removes from human touch a vital and beautiful spirit, possessed of deep devotion to the cause of better rural life in the Southern Highlands. She will long be remembered and loved by many who value her for what she personally was, but many more will benefit for years to come from the fine intellectual approach and sound method of her work in the mountains as a whole, as well as from her achievement in the development of the John C. Campbell Folk School.

Acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell began for me with Thanksgiving, 1917. I remember that frost and cold settled upon our Pine Mountain valley very early that winter. A week before Thanksgiving Day, our director Miss Pettit, happily announced to the family of Big Log House, and later to others of the Settlement School, that "the Campbells are coming." What seemed at first catchwords from a song were soon realized to be a serious and important announcement, for the Campbells, she reminded us, were full of knowledge and lore of the whole Appalachian region.

Our guests rode across Pine Mountain in a sleet storm late the afternoon before the holiday. Mr. Campbell arrived gray with fatigue and cold, exhausted by the pain of angina attacks he had suffered on the journey. His wife, despite her anxiety for him, was fresh and rosy from the frost. That evening by the Big Log House fireside we were all spellbound by the charm of these two visitors. Mr. Campbell, short, erect, very evidently Scottish, was already middle-aged and graying; Mrs. Campbell, then about thirty-five years of age, was of medium height and coloring, slenderly but strongly built, a graceful person with a lovely voice. Both were unusually alive in mind and thought, and effortlessly we were all at once entering a new realm of thinking. New perspectives were opening.

Later, as on every evening by the fire, our household of twenty or more were singing. We learned that Mrs. Campbell had just



The Campbells visited isolated mountain schools even when roads were covered with sleet and snow.

published a book of English folk songs from the Southern Appalachians in collaboration with Cecil J. Sharp, an English folk song collector who had visited Pine Mountain. Her highly flexible voice joined in "The Merry Golden Tree," and "Been a Long Time Travelin' Below." Miss Pettit told me that only a few weeks before the Campbells had lost their second little daughter, Barbara, just over two years old, and that their first little one, Jane, had died in infancy. I remember that when we got to our carols, for we had begun Christmas practice, both were touched and listened with tears coursing down their cheeks to the singing of the "least ones."

During the three weeks of their visit, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell rode up and down our creeks and trails, calling on our neighbors near and far, visiting public schools as well as our own private boarding settlement school. With them Miss Pettit talked pros and cons of community work alone versus community work combined with school work. Mountain neighbors joined with school staff and visitors to discuss possibilities for better rural life in our mountain section.

As the days passed we became aware not only of the quality of these two individuals, but also of the the quality of their marriage

as well. With devotion, but with fine ability too, Mrs. Campbell shared time, labor, and effort with her husband, watching over him and sparing him as she could; she was aware that his time was limited but was resolved with him that these years should be as fruitful as possible. They were delightfully happy together, well tuned in serious purpose and in their keen humor. Vivid in the memory of many friends are the times when these two would toss back and forth bits of drollery and wit that infected all the group and relaxed all tensions with fun and laughter.

After his visit Mr. Campbell wrote at length to Miss Pettit, setting down his ideas for development of work in the Pine Mountain area. This letter which stated frankly and fully his philosophy is included in the permanently assembled material Mrs. Campbell has carefully edited and which makes a record of his life and work, 1898-1919.

At the Sixth Annual Conference of Southern Mountain Workers in Knoxville the next spring I saw the Campbells again. This Conference was initiated by Mr. Campbell in 1913 and was perhaps closest to his heart of all his undertakings. It seems very ambitious when one considers the size of the geographical area, the

"Going to mill" — a familiar sight in the mountains when the Campbells traveled highland roads a generation ago.



diversity and separateness, even isolation, of the church and independent schools and other centers for mountain work in that early period. From all over the mountain country, Virginia to Georgia, Tennessee to North Carolina, came workers engaged in church, independent, or even publicly supported work for the development of rural life and education in the great Appalachian region. That it was an arduous journey for many was evidenced by the knapsacks and muddy high boots as we took up our quarters in the hotel. The spirit of hospitality and fraternity was high. Warmth and interest glowed in these two people, and all felt it.

From the little meeting of thirty persons in 1913, the conference had by 1918 grown to more than one hundred and fifty. Still, however, everyone had opportunity to meet and talk personally with the Campbells, who had visited and known nearly all in their home fields, and with the few speakers from outside the mountains who brought new ideas and possibilities to us. Cooperative societies for developing agriculture and husbandry, improvement of public schools, the turning of private schools to new and special purposes, new types of community centers for adult education and recreation, standards and methods of developing fireside industries, conservation of the cultural traditions of the mountains of which songs and ballads were an outstanding part, the ways in which Scandinavian countries and the British Isles had met similar problems of rural living — these were the subjects of the conference, interwoven with a grist of mutual reporting of new and interesting local ventures.

Later that year I joined the Campbells in Asheville as Mr. Campbell's secretary. On my first Sunday afternoon, a cool but golden December day, Mrs. Campbell took me for a long tramp up a nearby ridge and back via Biltmore. On this walk of some three hours she told me much of Mr. Campbell's life: his birth of Scottish parents in Wisconsin, his first job for his father's railroad business which took him to the Appalachian region, his coming east to Williams College and then to Andover Theological Seminary. His interest in the Southern Mountains, already alight, was increased during his Seminary days to the point that he enlisted five Andover classmates in a project to go to the mountains for his life work, this hopefully to become a major operation of the American Missionary Association. The confidence of these young men moved but did not win the AMA, which however, did send Mr. Campbell to Joppa, Alabama, thence later to Pleasant Hill, Tennessee, and afterwards to Piedmont College in North Georgia, where he was made president. Here occurred a health breakdown,

with enforced vacation, the occasion of a visit to relatives in Scotland.

During this journey in 1906, Mrs. Campbell said, he had met her traveling with her mother and sister. They were married the following spring. Her comments on their return to the little rose-covered president's cottage in Demorest opened a charming vista on their first year together in the mountains.

The May following their marriage, I learned, the Campbells attended the National Conference of Charities and Correction in Richmond, Virginia, where under the leadership of Mrs. John M. Glenn the conference initiated discussion of social and economic conditions in the Southern Appalachians and to which she invited Mr. Campbell. A later record from Mr. Glenn himself states: "He was greatly concerned about the problems of the region. He was hoping to make, with the help of Mrs. Campbell, a comprehensive study of the common needs of the mountain people and of the efforts that were being made to meet them. His idea was to fit out a wagon that would be their home en route and travel through the country, getting acquainted with the people in their homes and talking with school superintendents, teachers, missionaries, doctors, and others who were working among them."

Through the interest of Mrs. Glenn and her husband, the General Director of the Russell Sage Foundation, Mrs. Campbell said, Mr. Campbell was invited to carry out his project with the backing and financing of the Foundation. Accordingly, they set forth in the early fall of 1908 on a survey of conditions and resources, continuing until October, 1912. Hundreds of miles they traveled by horseback, wagon, railroad, and afoot, to near and remote communities in the nine states in which lie the valleys of the Blue Ridge, Cumberland, and Allegheny-Cumberland Mountains. Early in 1913 the Foundation had established the Southern Highland Division of the Russell Sage Foundation, with office headquarters in Asheville. Two studies had been published giving descriptive and analytic accounts of the work carried on in the Highland region, and indicating lines of possible future development. In 1914 Mr. Campbell had planned to go to Denmark with his wife and with several others interested in studying firsthand the Folk Schools of that country and neighboring Scandinavia, since what he had learned convinced him that this unique type of young adult education would offer the best pattern for our special education projects in the mountains. The war had intervened. Since then, Mrs. Campbell told me, a heart condition had increasingly limited her

husband's activity. Now he was planning a definitive volume on the Southern Mountain region and its people, for which he had much material in hand.

This long walk and visit during which she gave me this big and useful account of the background of my job was probably the only time I talked with Mrs. Campbell alone during those months. She was constantly with her husband. Grief for the two children was put aside, a comfortable Asheville boarding house replaced the home they had had in Biltmore, and she gave her entire time to the work with Mr. Campbell.

His undertakings were large indeed for a man far more ill than many of us realized. Visitors came in large numbers, many often making a hundred mile or more journey by difficult roads from school, hospital, or center, to consult with the Asheville office. The first chapter of the book was getting under way. The Conference of Southern Mountain Workers for April, 1919, must be planned.

This seventh annual conference was thought to be the best and most successful yet held. The discussion notes Mrs. Campbell has kept show Mr. Campbell at his best as chairman, and that there was wide participation in the discussion which grappled with real issues.

Although a number of friends were concerned about his health, and urged rest, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell set forth when the sessions were over for Kentucky to visit Hindman and the Caney Creek Center, both of which wanted his visit and counsel. Coming without respite after the conference, this was strenuous, and it was followed by a trip to New York to consult with the Foundation and with various Board people. During the trip his mind was working on the preface to his book, and this he dictated to his wife. On his arrival in New York there came a severe ill turn. He died there on May second. A few days later his ashes were laid beside those of the two children in the family lot in Medford, Massachusetts.

Before the end of May Mrs. Campbell returned to Asheville alone. She had consulted with Mr. Glenn, and correspondence followed. It was planned to close the Division office in Asheville, which had been the setting for the special work of an individual, and in which he had rounded out a service. But with the help and support of the Foundation, Mrs. Campbell would go on to edit and produce the book for which Mr. Campbell had written the preface and first chapter and had chosen the title The Southern Highlander and His Homeland. This would probably take a year or more. The

future could wait for the completion of this cherished project, but it must lie for her in some form of work for the Southern Highlands. "John's work," which had been so much hers as well, must go on. The Foundation had agreed, too, that she should carry on the secretaryship of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers.

As we dismantled the office and packed the big collection, mountain friends came every day to express grief and loss. But it was all with a sense of on-going. All looked to Mrs. Campbell with respect, affection, and expectation. She had been so close a part of her husband's life and work that we felt there would be no total break, only change and new channeling.

Much of the material needed for the preparation of the book was shipped to Nantucket, her dearly loved summer home through her whole lifetime. Here, in the little "Cachalot" which Mr. Campbell himself had helped to build in previous summers, a tiny but beautiful and unique, and even comfortable house on the wide moor west of the town, she planned to spend a long season of writing. Since the Foundation provided for me to be with her to help see the book through, here we lived together. Larks sang above the sound of sea winds, and sunshine poured through the east window of the little loft where we worked. Family and friends of all ages were near.

 As the book progressed, the task that Mrs. Campbell had undertaken became apparent. Write the book she could, for she knew in general what her husband had planned and she had lived in and with the subject matter for twelve years. She wrote well and vividly in an attractive style of her own. But this that she set for herself was to make the book her husband's own writing. Out of the multitude of papers, letters, and bits of writing he had done through the years she undertook to re-create in crystallized form what would be his own book, for publication under his own name. This required her learning to write in his prose style. This skill she accomplished in an astonishing degree. It also necessitated the reading and assembling of voluminous notes, going over a huge bulk of material, culling phrases, sentences, paragraphs — all this to put flesh on the bones of what were his own ideas and plans. Through to Thanksgiving she worked at Nantucket, continued in Medford through the long snowy winter of 1919-20, and returned to the Cachalot in June to finish the manuscript by September. The volume was published by the Russell Sage Foundation early in 1921.

 WORK ON THE LAST CHAPTER had been interrupted in order to plan and attend the Knoxville Conference of Southern Mountain Workers in the spring of 1920, a meeting which proved the vitality of the conference and the solidarity of the group. Although she knew that the conference must go on — indeed she remained its executive secretary until 1928 — her own way was less clear. She felt a strong pull to go to Denmark to carry out her husband's plan for study of the Folk School and of the cooperatives which made for prosperity among Danish farmers. Interest in both of these as the pattern for meeting their needs and the method of procedure was appearing in the mountains.

At this time came an invitation from Mr. Glenn to come to the Foundation as special assistant. There she could watch over the publishing of the book. Her duties with personnel and with a variety of the Foundation projects and studies would permit exploration of new means of service to the Southern Highlands, as she would have access to members of the various boards centered in New York, fellow members of the Foundation staff, and the group at Columbia University interested in the development of rural life. The Glenns were now old and dear friends. This seemed the best next step and she gratefully took it.

In the spring of 1922 she was awarded a fellowship for study of adult education in Denmark and neighboring countries by the American-Scandinavian Foundation, and she sailed for Copenhagen. With her were her sister, Miss Dame, and Marguerite Butler of the Pine Mountain Settlement School, who was to complete with her some eighteen months of study and travel in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland. Her health was good, and she was at the peak of her strength of mind and heart for this new venture. This was what Mr. Campbell had planned to do, and this she was sure would open the door to some opportunity for work in the mountains along the lines of interest and faith they had shared.

As one thinks of the years of which I have written, they seem to have been years of preparation. We who were close to her were increasingly aware that her fine mind had taken on discipline, that her unusual and deep appreciation of values had broadened, that her devotion to her husband was merging in a tremendous sense of calling to the mountain field. Rich and fruitful years lay ahead for her and for the region. #####



Education should link culture of toil and culture of books in the service of a better manhood. If it does not make better men it is useless. (Olive D. Campbell)

TO DENMARK

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MARGUERITE BUTLER BIDSTRUP

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Mrs. Bidstrup worked closely with Mrs. Campbell in the development of the Folk School.

IN THE PREFACE to her book The Danish Folk School

Olive Dame Campbell begins with these words: "This study grew out of the effort to face the question: 'How shall we keep an enlightened, progressive, and contented farming population on the land?'" Mrs. Campbell goes on to explain how disturbed Mr. Campbell had been with the failure of the ordinary school to build up country life in our Southern Mountains. His attention had been called to Denmark, that little land between the North Sea and the Baltic. Life seemed to be different there. Why?

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell had planned to find out for themselves, but unfortunately the first World War broke out in August, 1914, shortly before they were to have sailed. In 1919 Mr. Campbell died. In July of 1922 Mrs. Campbell set forth to carry on his plan for this study. The plan had been to have four or five representatives from various church boards active in this area take part in the study. I was at Pine Mountain Settlement School in charge of the extension program. Pine Mountain was a young school at that time, and Mr. Campbell had had great faith that the staff there would experiment in new ways. As it happened I was the only one who joined Mrs. Campbell.

The months in Denmark that followed were filled with heart-warming experiences, new friends, new ideas, a new concept of life that may be lived in the country. Mrs. Campbell, with her keen sense of humor, her love for people, and her young spirit made a perfect traveling companion. She was always ready for something new. Although she had not been on a bicycle in twenty years, she rode for miles. This means of travel was not always easy in that windy land, but it was the intimate way to see and know the country.

In the folk schools Mrs. Campbell was completely at home with students and staff. She often bicycled with students to a cooperative creamery or slaughter house or nearby agricultural school. Sometimes she would join a group of students on a tramp which ended with singing games by the side of the road.

As she talked with the teachers she never tired of trying to find the answer to her many questions, and in turn they always found her stimulating. On their part there was often the question: "Why have Americans come to study our country?" Mrs. Campbell carried with her Mr. Campbell's book, The Southern Highlander and His Homeland, and with the aid of maps and pictures she would endeavor to explain.

Mrs. Campbell's love of the Danish songs, her enjoyment of the Christmas carols, her appreciation of the crafts and the quality of life as lived in Denmark, her effort to learn the language — all of these qualities endeared her to the Danes. But more than by anything else they were impressed by her intellectual and spiritual grasp of the folk school philosophy and her plans to apply it in the Southern Mountains. She is still remembered in many Danish schools. On my last visit to Denmark in 1950-51, some of the folk school teachers asked earnestly about her. One student of 1922-23 said she remembered her very clearly.

The Danish Folk School has been called the most understanding book on the subject ever written by an outsider. Jakob Lange, for many years the head of the Smallholders School in Odense, Denmark, wrote, "It is the best book for anyone who really wants to know what we are like." In the Foreword of the book Paul Monroe wrote: "While there are many books or brochures on the Danish Folk Schools now available to American educators and rural workers, none has so sympathetically portrayed the spirit of these schools, more clearly distinguished between the folk schools, the folk agricultural schools, and other related types, or has presented in such attractive and convincing form their essential features, as has this little volume of Mrs. Campbell's."

A brass bell hangs outside our community room today, symbol of the tie between Denmark and the John C. Campbell Folk School. It came bringing greetings and good wishes from friends in Denmark, and carrying this inscription:

Bright Bell
To toll
To tell the youth
Of Southern Hills
Tidings
Of new times

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"I SING BEHIND THE PLOW"

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GEORG BIDSTRUP

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*The author is director
of the John C. Campbell
Folk School.*

"THERE'S A HEAP MORE TO EDUCATION besides what

you get out of books!" The student who made this comment understood the purpose of the Folk School which Olive Dame Campbell built at Brasstown. For years she shared with her husband the dream of a school that would help vitalize and dignify the way of life in the Southern Highlands. Both felt that the type of education offered by the Danish Folk Schools would best fulfill this need. Mrs. Campbell spent over a year studying the folk schools in Scandinavia; then in 1925 she founded the John C. Campbell Folk School to "awaken, enlighten and enliven" the mountain young people to a satisfying rural life.

She was a pioneer in this type of education in the Southern Mountains. Often she was asked, "How can you have a school without examinations, grades, or credits?" The answer is in Mrs. Campbell's own words: "One has to remember that the aim of the folk school is primarily to open new horizons, arouse new interests and aspirations, and to make these so real that the student will himself reach out to compass them. Education must help to put meaning and joy as well as efficiency into the work by which we live." Her concern was with the quality of life, intellectual, social and spiritual.

"Being at the Folk School is like being at home," is a statement often heard from former students. From the earliest days the staff and students have lived together as a family, united in their ideals and purposes. They shared the pleasures and accomplishments along with the hard work and disappointments. The birth of a heifer was a time of rejoicing, as was a special gift which made possible a new building for the school. At times when the school's finances hit a low ebb, with no assurance of when, or from where, money would come, the staff would take cuts in pay, or do without a salary altogether. And like other families in our community we would make things do, or do without.

Mrs. Campbell never compromised on the ideals of the school. The goals of the school today are the same as when it was founded: to enrich the whole content of rural life; to build up an enlightened

and enlivened citizenship; to inspire a community life and social order satisfying to the young people of the country.

She was not afraid to initiate new ventures or to drop a well-established program if the situation demanded. The school constantly adjusted itself to new conditions and opportunities. In her words, "If we find we are not meeting the situation as well as we might, let us fearlessly break from the old and open a new way." For many years the school provided a public health nurse who served our community, and four others nearby. When the county health program started, this service was discontinued. With the development of an adequate county library and bookmobile service throughout the area, the school discontinued its special efforts to get books into the homes of the local people. Again in her words, "The ultimate form which the John C. Campbell Folk School is to take must grow out of community need and the consciousness of that need."

Mrs. Campbell was more than a leader, organizer, and administrator. Her greatest contribution to the betterment of life in this region was her belief in the value and uniqueness of each individual. She appreciated and encouraged the sturdy pioneer independence and the good philosophy of life in general held by the mountain people. She helped to inspire a feeling of pride in the native culture by plowing deep into the rich heritage and preserving the best of the past. One night she sang "Barbara Allen" to a group, and when she finished exclaimed, "Think of my singing that to you!" For many of the people had folk songs and tales in their families, handed down through generations, and with growing confidence in their value shared them with their friends and ultimately with the rest of the country. She encouraged the old home crafts of weaving and furniture making, and sought opportunities for the creative expressions of the people. The development of woodcarving is an example of her realization of latent talents. In the early days the men would idly hack on a wooden bench at the store; now the beautiful carvings of native wood by the Brasstown carvers are famous throughout this country and in parts of Europe.

Many of us have been privileged to work with Mrs. Campbell for longer or shorter periods through the years. All of us appreciate the richness of her friendship, and our association with her has been a source of deep joy. She believed in meeting



Keith House, nerve center of the John C. Campbell Folk School

problems with enlightened action, and in this spirit the Folk School will continue to serve its community and region. To the very end she followed every new development with enthusiasm and interest.

The Folk School has a continuing responsibility, not only to this community and region, but also to the many friends who have supported her hopes for a better society, to go forward as a living tribute to the memory of Olive Dame Campbell. As she herself said, "Our task is to open new horizons, to stimulate creative and cooperative activity, to start the growing that will never stop." ####

Cecil Sharp once wrote of Mrs. Campbell's work as a ballad collector:

*To me it is quite wonderful that anyone so little in touch with any work of the kind that has been done elsewhere should have set herself such a high standard and, in effect, reached it. She has just the combination of scientific and artistic spirit which work of this kind needs if it is to be of any use to posterity. ****

THE LIVING WORD

/////
LOUISE PITMAN
/////

Louise Pitman is director
of the Southern Highland
Handicraft Guild.

INTO THE MOUNTAINS of the South, in the early years of the century, came Olive Dame Campbell, a daughter of New England: child of a talented teacher of botany and of a gifted mother who early taught her to love music. Hers was a rich youth: an inquiring mind was trained, and love of the arts was developed. She was to draw constantly upon this background during the years of adventure with her husband, John C. Campbell, and later as director of the school named in his honor.

Wherever Olive Campbell touched life she enriched it. This issue of Mountain Life and Work is eloquent tribute to her contribution to the Southern Appalachians and to the breadth of her interests.

The Danish Folk School had no finer exponent of its theory of teaching than she. "To awaken, enliven, and enlighten" was meat and drink to her. She knew no other way. Her students at the John C. Campbell Folk School, young adults, came under the spell of her unusual gifts as a teacher. Drawing upon her thorough knowledge of the mountain region, she stimulated them to greater interest in their own environment. Its geography, history, economy, peoples, and culture were the subject matter. Year after year the problems of the area were approached from a different angle, but always so as to inspire. The young person left her class with a new vision for his own area and a broader

LIVING WORDS from Mrs. Campbell's writings:

Failure to show results is not the worst thing, but failure to face the challenge.

The spirit with which we work is more important than the method.

Man cannot work constructively without hope and without joy in the life he has to live.

It is of little use to hold up the ideal of a rural civilization unless one can base it upon adequate agricultural resources, and we who seek to enrich and develop rural life cannot ignore this most fundamental aspect of the life of our section.

conception of the part he might play in its growth.

She believed in the individual and in his power to grow, once stimulated and given opportunity. Students brought their problems to her, sure of her interest and her ability to help them analyze these problems. Many of the students had come to the Folk School with little previous academic preparation. They were puzzled and confused. Here they found a home life where staff and students were treated as equals. To this friendly atmosphere they responded. Life took on new meaning.

Olive Campbell was at her best in informal meetings with her students, perhaps before the open fire with a group or with one or two alone wherever chance brought them together. Questions and comments were exchanged; difficulties were ironed out. Little wonder that leaving a school and director who had confidence in the future of the country and faith in young people, many of the Folk School couples established their homes in Brasstown and in neighboring communities, there to become potential leaders.

She had full appreciation for the need of the more practical subjects, though they lay entirely outside her teaching talents. Figures were never her forte; in fact, she shied away from them. But she marvelled at the enthusiasm of those students who finished arithmetic problems on their paper napkins at the dinner table.

She shared her enjoyment of the mountain culture with her students, particularly in the field of folk song. She encouraged them to hunt the traditional tunes of their own families, and great was the rejoicing when one appeared. Olive Campbell at the piano playing folk music was a familiar sight. Rare was the person who could escape her enthusiasm. From morn till night folk airs were heard in the dairy, on the farm, in the weaving room, in the woodworking shop, or in the classroom, where they were not only studied and sung, but also dramatized. The climax was our Nativity Play, which evolved from year to year under her gifted leadership. It was based on the traditional story, accompanied by carols from the mountains and from faraway lands. The entire school took part as actors, carolers, or helpers behind the scenes; but at the heart was Olive Campbell, directing. The quality of life at the school deepened during those weeks.

She kept in the closest touch with her staff who could count on her interest and cooperation, though occasionally she had more ideas than some of them could digest or put into action. She brought out the best in each and was generous in giving credit for any achievement. Be it said, however, that they knew how often the original idea had been hers.

Not only within the school but also in community contacts she influenced thinking and activity. Meetings of the Woman's Club of the community were always more exciting when she was present. Liking to put her mind to work on the agricultural and economic problems of the region, she frequently attended farmers' meetings. She was eager to know what was happening on her neighbors' farms, just as she kept in close touch with the school's Jersey herd, the field crops, or the forestry program. From all these she drew material for her teaching.

For years she taught the Adult Bible Class in the little Baptist Church adjoining the school grounds. Lively was the give and take between teacher and class! The men and women, naturally given to discussion anyway, responded with everything that was in them to her questions or viewpoints.

Her eyes were ever open to new opportunities; witness the new famous bench which then stood on the store porch and on which the menfolk whittled while they settled the affairs of the world. It seemed a pity to Olive Campbell that men long skilled in the use of the pocketknife should not use it creatively. When talking availed nothing she encouraged a student at the school to carve a small goose. That was in the winter of 1931, and the carver's initials "H. H." in time became well known along with those of many others as the new venture flourished and developed.

Each week the carvers — men and women, some older, some younger — came to the school to work with Murrail Martin, the craft teacher. If Mrs. Campbell were on the grounds she rarely missed a visit with them. Her enthusiasm was contagious and a delight to the carvers, who likewise appreciated the tact of any criticism. She started carving herself that she might more easily illustrate points of technique. In time it became a new outlet for her creative imagination, and she undertook ambitious designs for her own pleasure. The carvers of that period will never forget working with her. Needless to say that talk was not limited to crafts. These men and women came from other sections of the county where projects inspired by discussion with Mrs. Campbell might soon be initiated.

In her youth she had had simple training in the fundamentals of art which stood her in good stead as the craft department grew. Not only the carving, but also the weaving and the wood-working showed the influence of her feeling for design. She saw the possibilities of using craft materials — wood, wool, cotton, iron — as subject matter for teaching. She realized that knowledge

of their place in the world's economy could open new horizons to the student, while the history of weaving or carving might increase his appreciation of his own craft.

Such teaching fitted into her philosophy of relating rural life to the larger world. Life in the country should be satisfying and full. And the folk arts - crafts and music - at their best should be creative. She thought it not impossible for country folk to create pleasures and enjoyment which city folk often accept or take for granted. Towards that ideal she labored.

She never lost her interest in the whole mountain region. One of the happiest times of her year was the June Short Course. Here was her chance to expound her theories of rural life and education to a wider audience, but even more to be stimulated herself by discussion. The young men and women - teachers, ministers, workers - from all over the Southern Appalachians who attended these courses will never know how much they contributed to her thinking. She always valued this exchange of ideas with that particular group.

Olive Campbell had boundless mental energy; except when she was sleeping her mind was always at work. She sought the nub of a problem, and then disciplined herself to stay with it until she cut through it surely and cleanly as though with a sharp knife. During the processes of thinking she had discussed the issue with every available person. Once a solution appeared, however, she clung tenaciously to the new idea, pushing from every angle until it had been put into action.

Occasionally delightful stories of her childhood would come forth, one of them being especially characteristic. Once punished by being put in a closet, she kicked and banged on the door while shouting over and over, "I want my liberty; I want my liberty." How like her in later years! Ever quick to acknowledge her debt to another for a new viewpoint and needing and seeking intellectual stimulation herself, she resisted from her very core any effort that might limit her independence of thought or action.

It is not surprising that this botanist's daughter planted many a shrub and tree to beautify the school grounds. She, too, loved growing things and delighted in her garden and the school's arboretum of native North Carolina plants. Once she remarked: "After I am gone fifty or one hundred years my spirit will come back and hover in the woods. I will want to see how the wild honeysuckle or purple rhododendron are doing." We who worked with her are sure it will. She could not stay away. #####

BALLAD COLLECTOR

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MARGUERITE BUTLER BIDSTRUP

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Wife of the present director of Campbell Folk School, Mrs. Bidstrup is widely known for her leadership in the folk arts.

 TO MANY the name of Olive Dame Campbell is associated with folk songs. I suppose that no one who adopted the Southern Highlands as home had a greater appreciation of these songs.

Years ago when Mrs. Campbell traveled with her husband in the mountains on horseback, in a wagon, or by train, she heard her first traditional ballad, a haunting variant of "Barbara Allen" sung by a Hindman student by the fireside. As a young girl in Boston, Mrs. Campbell had known "Barbara Allen" only as a song in a book. "This song was different," she said, "I was never quite the same after hearing it." It marked the beginning of a lifelong quest which never failed to bring great joy and satisfaction.

If the singing of this ballad had not struck such a chord in Mrs. Campbell, I doubt if we would have today the great wealth of folk songs of our Southern Mountains. She was eager that the material be collected and made available. It was Olive Campbell who journeyed from Asheville, North Carolina, to Lincoln, Massachusetts, with her notebook under her arm, to see Cecil Sharp, the great English collector of song and dance, who had come to this country in the hope of finding songs long lost in his native England. Mr. Sharp's hostess, Mrs. James Storrow, suggested that Mrs. Campbell stay not more than fifteen minutes, as her guest had not been well. In addition to asthma, he had gout and tired very easily.

Cecil Sharp was seated in a high, carved back chair, a table before him and his foot on a stool. Mrs. Campbell put her collection before him. Many songs had been brought to him, but they had always been a disappointment. Here was what he had hoped to find in America. When Mrs. Storrow appeared at the door forty-five minutes later, she found Mr. Sharp so excited and happy that his gout was forgotten.

This was the beginning of a lifelong friendship and a joint adventure in the quest for songs. The home of Olive and John

Continued on page 25

Ole King Quine

Ole King Quine He called for his swine, He called for his fid-dlers
 three; And ev'ry fid-dler that could play well, A ver-y fine fid-dle had he.
 * Fid-dle Fid-dle Doubts Was the fid-dler, A-bout to my route like
 Old Brit-tain-eer; Not a la-dy in Old Scot's town As fine as Sal-ly my dear.

*This bar is sung twice in second stanza, three times in third, etc.

2. Ole King Quine
 He called for his swine,
 He called for his fifers three;
 And every fifer that could play well
 A very fine fifer had he.
 Fee Fee Lische was the fifer.
 Fiddle Fiddle Doubts was the fiddler.
 About to my route
 Like Old Brittain-eer;
 Not a lady in Old Scot's town
 As fine as Sally my dear.

3. Ole King Quine
 He called for his swine,
 He called for his harpers three;
 And every harper that could play well
 A very fine harp had he.
 Cling Cling Clang was the harper.
 Fee Fee Lische was the fifer.
 Fiddle Fiddle Doubts was the fiddler.
 About to my route, etc..

4. Ole King Quine
 He called for his swine,
 He called for his drummers three;
 And every drummer that could play well
 A very fine drum had he.

5. Ole King Quine
 He called for his swine,
 He called for his barbers three;
 And every barber that could shave well
 A very fine razor had he.
 Haul Out Your Snout was the barber.
 Rub-adub-dub was the drummer,
 Cling Cling Clang was the harper,
 Fee Fee Lische was the fifer,
 Fiddle Fiddle Doubts was the fiddler, etc.

6. Ole King Quine
 He called for his swine,
 He called for his plow boys three;
 And every plow boy that could plow well
 A very fine plow had he.
 Gee Whoa Haw Bucky Devil was the plow boy.
 Haul Out Your Snout was the barber.
 Rub-adub-dub was the drummer,
 Cling Cling Clang was the harper,
 Fee Fee Lische was the fifer,
 Fiddle Fiddle Doubts was the fiddler, etc.

(((((Mrs. Campbell collected this song from the singing of John, Elisha, and Ben Hall, who learned it from their mother. It is reprinted here from SONGS OF ALL TIME, a book of songs edited by a committee headed by Mrs. Campbell, and published by the Council of Southern Mountain Workers and the Cooperative Recreation Services. The book is still in print and may be ordered at 30¢, postpaid, from the Council, Box 2000, College Station, Berea, Ky.))))

Campbell became the mountain center for Cecil Sharp from which all of his travels in search of songs were directed. Olive Campbell shared his joy whenever he returned with the joyful news that another "Child" had been found. Francis James Child, a Harvard professor, had published between 1882 and 1898 five large volumes of English and Scottish popular ballads. Professor Child gave every version of every ballad he found but, unfortunately, no music. So, whenever Cecil Sharp discovered one of the ballads collected by Child, he exclaimed with glee, "I've found another Child."

In 1917, English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, now out of print, was published by Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp. In the introduction Mr. Sharp wrote:

"The effort that has been made to collect and preserve in permanent form the folk songs of England during the last twenty or thirty years has resulted in the salvage of many thousands of beautiful songs. It was pardonable to believe that the major part of the work had been completed. One important situation had been overlooked; the possibility that one or other of those English communities that lie scattered in various parts of the world might provide as good a field for the collector as England itself and yield as beautiful and as rich a harvest. The investigation which my colleague, Mrs. Campbell, began and which later I came to hear about has proved that at least one such community does in fact exist in the Southern Appalachian Mountains of North America.

"My sole purpose in visiting this country was to collect the traditional songs and ballads which I had heard from Mrs. Campbell. I naturally expected to find conditions very similar to those in England, but I was soon to be agreeably disillusioned. Instead of having to confine my attention to the aged, as in England where no one under the age of seventy ordinarily preserves the folk song tradition, I discovered that I could get what I wanted from pretty nearly everyone I met, young and old. In fact, I found myself for the first time in my life in a community in which singing was as common and almost as universal a practice as speaking."

Later Mrs. Campbell gave her collection to Cecil Sharp. In 1932, in two large volumes English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians was published by the Oxford University Press. In these two volumes were included thirty-nine tunes contributed by Mrs. Campbell. In June, 1923, Cambridge University conferred upon Cecil Sharp the honorary degree of Master of Music in recognition of his Appalachian collection. Some time later Douglas Kennedy, Director of the English Folk Dance and Song Society,

wrote: "It must be difficult for an American to sense the shock felt by an Englishman who discovers he must come to America if he is to recover the oldest and most interesting part of his folk music tradition." We wonder if such an honor would ever have come to Cecil Sharp or such a priceless collection of folk songs be ours today had Olive Campbell not sensed the rare beauty of these songs and had she ever lost an opportunity to collect one.

It is very simple to take down the words of a song, but a tune is another matter. Fortunately, Mrs. Campbell's fine ear for music enabled her to note the tune in her own fashion. As soon as she could get to a little organ or a piano she would check the melody and, if possible, sing it back to the singer to be certain it was correct. This was a far more complicated process than a professional collector like Mr. Sharp used. As his secretary, Maud Karpeles, noted the words of a song Cecil Sharp would make little dots and strokes on five lines and then sing it back and ask, "Is this right?"

A modal folk tune is not simple to take down in any fashion, and nearly all of the Appalachian tunes are modal, containing only five notes to the octave, a "gapped scale" as it is often called (after the other notes were added). To unaccustomed ears these tunes frequently sounded queer; it was often spoken of as minor. A novice needed time to learn to sing and to enjoy this music. In discussing the question of presenting folk songs to a new group, Mrs. Campbell always emphasized, "If you, yourself, love them and think they are beautiful present them with conviction, not with apology." In this way Mrs. Campbell was able to plant in hundreds, yes, thousands, the seed of deep appreciation of the finest in folk song.

Not only did Mrs. Campbell pass on to the uninitiated the beauty of folk songs but she also kept alive on home soil our own rich heritage. I remember our first week of community school in the living room of Farm House in February of 1927. The room was only 15' x 15', but every afternoon and evening for a week 60 to 70 adults crowded into it for informal talks and to sing together. One night we discussed how the pioneers had come into this mountain valley in the far western corner of North Carolina, through what gaps, and from where. Mrs. Campbell stated that they could not bring many worldly possessions, only some essentials, such as their broad-axe for hewing logs and their adze for smoothing the puncheon floors, but that they did bring their

songs. She asked if someone knew one he would sing. No one volunteered. Finally Mrs. Campbell sang "Barbara Allen" and then exclaimed, "Think of my singing this to you!" "I'd have walked ten miles to hear that," one neighbor replied and a little later added, "It's worth ten dollars." Still later after a little further reflection he said, "I'm going to ditch a week for Mrs. Campbell for singing 'Barbara Allen.' " Then a grandfather sang, and when he had finished Mrs. Campbell asked if he knew where that song came from. She took from the shelf the Campbell and Sharp collection and opened it to "The Wagoner's Lad." The singer replied, "I thought nobody in the whole world would know that silly little old song but myself."

After the community room was built and we could manage a larger crowd, we had an afternoon of old fiddle music and songs. Mrs. Campbell was delighted to find that Uncle Virge Ledford, our old chair-maker, knew "The Wife of Usher's Well." Uncle Hugh Stalcup gave us "Who is Goin' to Show your Pretty Little Foot" and a delightful version of the "Devil's Ten Questions," the latter a variant of "Riddles Wisely Expounded," the first song in the one-volume Child collection. Riddles are among the very oldest of the folk songs. Tom Barnett, from a neighboring community, sang the "Seven Joys of Mary," which he later sang in our Christmas play. Cecil Sharp had not discovered many folk carols in our mountains, and for this reason Mrs. Campbell was particularly happy when she heard "Seven Joys of Mary." Afterwards she found local versions of "Jesus Born in Bethany" and the "Cherry Tree Carol." For a number of years students and staff gave a very beautiful play at Christmas. Folk carols of our Southern Appalachians tied together the scenes. Mary and Joseph sang a folk lullaby to the Child, and then Mary, on bended knee sang:

Cherry tree, oh cherry tree,
Bow down to my knee
That I may have cherries
By one, two, and three.

Other songs came from students on different occasions. One night a group of young people were singing:

Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?
Oh, the fife and drum,
How can I marry such a pretty girl as you
When I've got no hat to put on?

Off to the hat shop she did go
 As hard as she could run,
 Brought him back the finest was there.
 Now, soldier, put it on.

Immediately one of the girls, Nina Stewart, said that she knew that song but that it was different as she knew it. She sang the following version:

Lazy John, lazy John, will you marry me?
 Will you marry me?
 How can I marry you, no hat to wear?
 Up she jumped and away she ran,
 Down to the market square.
 There she found a hat for lazy John to wear.

There was no "market square" on Sweetwater Creek where Nina lived. This variant had been taught her by her mother who in turn had learned it from her mother. Mrs. Campbell took down the words and tune, and for years "Lazy John" has been sung all through the mountains. It is published in Songs of all Time, an inexpensive booklet of singable folk songs compiled by a committee of three, of which Mrs. Campbell was chairman. For a year she labored at this and sent an endless number of letters to friends in this country and abroad, asking permission to use the songs. When one of the little books fell into the hands of George Pullen Jackson, collector of white spirituals, he wrote: "It is a honey!" Mrs. Campbell valued his appreciation of this collection. Sometimes a group of students under the direction of Mrs. Campbell would write a play based upon a folk song or ballad, and many an evening was spent acting out such songs as "Lazy John."

Some of our carvers, too, were singers, and Mrs. Campbell delighted in visiting with them when they brought their carvings to the school. Sometimes she would get them to sing. Elisha, John, and Ben Hall all knew songs, but Elisha, the oldest of the three brothers, was the real folk singer. Many who have shared in one of our June courses will remember 'Lish Hall, perfectly relaxed, eyes closed, singing his variant of "Barbara Allen" or "Come All Ye Fair and Tender Ladies" in the manner of a true folk singer who forgets himself. Mrs. Campbell once asked him why he knew so many songs, and he answered, "Guess I was different from the other fellows. On Sundays when they were round and about I would sit with my grandmother and learn

songs from her."

Mrs. Campbell, too, was different from "the other follows." That one song sung by the fireside at Hindman over forty years ago had opened a door into a world of music that enriched her whole life, and she in turn enriched the lives of many. ####



AN ARTIST IN RECREATION

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FRANK SMITH

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Frank Smith is a well known leader in the folk arts movement in the mountains.

MY WIFE AND I were living in the beautiful city of Copenhagen. Nearby were lakes which are said to have been part of the fortifications of the city centuries ago. Along side them was a bridle-path where the Danish king sometimes took his morning ride. But a more important person for us than the king, for it must be admitted he never called on us, was Olive Dame Campbell, who did. It was a day in the fall of 1922, and quite unexpectedly Peter Manniche, the director of the International People's College at Elsinore, brought three American ladies to our apartment: Mrs. Campbell, her sister Daisy Dame, and Marguerite Butler. This was the first of several delightful meetings in Copenhagen and Elsinore.

In The Danish Folk School Mrs. Campbell writes:

"Even the low cottage of the 'Husmand' had its blooming garden seemingly out of all proportion to the few carefully cultivated acres. The owner has time, too, to smoke his long pipe, drink his afternoon coffee, and chat with a passing neighbor." Olive Campbell herself chose to live in a rural community in the North Carolina mountains. She had many interests in the life around her, and she, like the "Husmand," found time to relax, to drink tea and chat with her friends in the afternoon, and to go calling on the neighbors.

Mrs. Campbell was so gracious a hostess, so charming a companion, that it could have been concluded her interest was in the social graces. But when one remembers how she came to the Southern Highlands when travel was by trails and on roads that often ran along the creek beds, it is clear she possessed the hardihood of the pioneer. There is a story of how at the Hindman Settlement School she first heard the singing of mountain

ballads. The last part of the journey was in a jolt-wagon, and it had taken two days to come the fifty miles from Jackson. On the way she was thrilled by the beauty around her: by day the streams and wooded hills and then at night the stars above and twinkling lights from mountain cabins. Katharine Pettit, it is said, rewarded travelers who arrived without complaining of the rough journey by having the girls sing to them. And so Mrs. Campbell heard and was deeply moved by their singing, which started with a plaintive and beautiful rendering of "Barbara Allen."

What of Mrs. Campbell's place in the movement which has found expression in the use of folk arts throughout many parts of the Southern Highlands? Actually she was one of the first people to see the suitability of this material for group activity. As usual, when she had an idea she took steps to do something about it. This was a two-fold action. She sought support from two Foundations, and in other ways made the wheels turn. Apart from this, she did something less easy of achievement: she used her gifts to inspire those around her who might become leaders in the field of folk arts.

Mrs. Campbell believed in and practiced good workmanship. She had no interest in the superficial phases of recreation. With her, creativity, beauty of design, and worthy performance were goals for the recreation leader. She was quick to detect and give recognition to these qualities in others, and she practiced them herself. She was an excellent wood carver, a superb song leader, a competent play director and dancer.

When students at the Folk School undertook to write a simple play under Mrs. Campbell's sponsorship, they were in for a new experience. They were rural people without college training, many having, indeed, only a modest acquaintance with English composition even on a high school level. But they knew the picturesque speech of the old folks in the mountains, and they had as good an insight into human nature as any college group. Why should they not do a good job of creative-writing by a group method? Certainly a keen interest appeared in the individual and in the group, an interest which academic methods could not have awakened. The plays which they produced are interesting and entertaining. They act well and were produced successfully at the Folk School and at the Mountain Folk Festival.

In thinking of Mrs. Campbell's leadership in group play-writing and play-production, one remembers especially the beautiful

Nativity Play which she directed for many years. This production above all else illustrated her mastery of the use of the folk song for group singing. Yet in all of this, over and above the actual plays and the singing, and likewise in her encouragement of crafts and dancing, was a concern for human relations. These things she wanted done artistically, because a thing well done promotes good relations between people and develops integrity of character.

Mrs. Campbell lived a rich and full life. Those who knew her are grateful that she stood for high standards of workmanship, for the use of the cultural heritage of the Southern Highlands, for the enrichment of the rural life of America. #####

CRAFTS FOR ALL THE PEOPLE

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CLEMENTINE DOUGLAS

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THE GERM OF THE IDEA for a cooperative organization for the mountain crafts sprang to life in the mind of Olive Campbell one day in 1923. Waiting in a small town in Finland for a train connection, she and her companion, Marguerite Butler, stood looking at the display of beautiful crafts in the window of a little cooperative salesroom. Craft shops in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland had been visited, with bulging luggage the result! But these had been chiefly shops in cities and large towns, while here in this little place in Finland was a shop of really choice crafts. Olive Campbell exclaimed, "This is what we must do in our mountains."

From the time of her return to America until the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild was formed six years later, she never lost a chance of talking about the need for some sort of craft organization. In 1928 she was one of the seven representatives of craft centers who met at Penland, North Carolina, to discuss an organization for promoting mountain handicrafts, and she was also one of those who met the following year at The Spinning Wheel in Asheville, to organize. A committee was at that time appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws for a Southern Highland Handicraft Guild which were accepted at the March, 1930, meeting of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers. In this her vision

and enthusiasm sparked all the thinking, and her clear-seeing and broad-mindedness guided all the planning.

When in 1931 Frances Goodrich wished to work out a plan for turning over to the infant Guild her Allanstand Cottage Industries, she asked Olive Campbell with two others to give her help. Thus she had a part in the launching of the Guild's initial experiment in cooperative selling and in the forming of its future sales policies. Her interest in this was only in the broad terms. When it came to the details of prices and commissions, she would often say, "Now you've come to figures; I've turned my mind off!"

As her natural interests were in the educational field, she served for a number of years as chairman of the Guild's Education Committee and was its real inspiration. However, with her strong belief that the most promising and "sympathetic" market for the mountain crafts was in our own territory, she played an important part as a member of a committee to interest the National Park Service in order to secure concessions for the Guild to sell in the parks.

Realizing what a tremendous help it would be to the Guild's becoming known to the world, she gave her help in 1934 and 1935 to Doris Ulmann while she was making photographs in the mountain region and to Allen Eaton while he was doing his field study for his book Handicrafts of the Southern Highlands.

Deeply concerned as to the effect on home workers of the Fair Labor Standards Act, she helped greatly in interpreting to its Administrator the problems involved in applying this law to rural home workers. Also in 1935 she was one of the four persons invited by Dr. Arthur E. Morgan to meet with him to discuss the possibility of developing handicrafts in the Tennessee Valley. As a result The Southern Highlanders was organized and she had an active part in shaping its policies.

When the time came for a re-thinking of the aims and policies of the Guild and for its incorporation from the informal organization it had always been, she again took a leading part. In order really to make known the problems and the potentials, a study of present conditions seemed called for. She was instrumental in obtaining from the General Education Board of the Rockefeller Foundation a grant for the making of such a survey. She was most active during this study, making some of the fact-finding trips to craftsmen and taking a large part in the writing of the report and the preparation of a proposed program for craft education in the Southern Highlands. Here, her insight, her

warm sympathies, her sound judgment and balance coupled with her ability to see all around a problem and to think through policies, and always her zest and humor and strong belief in a successful future made an inestimably valuable contribution. On the strength of this report, a three-year grant was made by the General Education Board to the Guild and Southern Highlanders. For several years Olive Campbell was the capable chairman of the joint committee directing the administration of these funds.

As one who worked with her in the Guild puts it, "Mrs. Campbell was our inspiring and steadyng influence. In all the problems, puzzles, and gropings in the forming of the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild, and later of the Southern Highlanders, when we would get into arguments and wonderings, it was always comforting to know that gentle, understanding, wise, and generous Mrs. Campbell would somehow take the thoughts and ideas of us all, sort and weigh them, and blend them into something that was better and more comprehensive than anything any of us, or any group of us, could possibly have worked out by ourselves. I have always thought of her as one of the great souls of the mountain work." #####

WHITTLING FOR A PURPOSE

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ALLEN EATON

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Mr. Eaton is one of the nation's leading authorities on crafts, and is author of several books in the field.

OF A HUNDRED memory pictures of Olive Campbell that have come to me in recent months, it is my first one that appears oftenest, and I think it always will. She had come to the Russell Sage Foundation in the fall of 1920. It was on an afternoon's outing of social workers in the country that someone staged an impromptu foot-race for the women of our party, and Olive, having been pressed to enter, had won the event. I can't give details because I barely missed the race, but I was in time to see the winner a moment afterward as she gracefully and modestly acknowledged the plaudits of the admiring crowd. With a charming, partly-out-of-breath voice and smile she explained that she did not want to run, but being pressed into it, she thought she ought to do the best she could.

How many times over the years I was to see that smile and to



The Brasstown carvers have a nationwide reputation for excellence of craftsmanship. Hope C. Brown is the carver shown above.

know, as all who ever knew her did, that whatever situation she found herself in, she could be counted upon to do the best she could. Dependability is the word, and I think she did not mind one day when I addressed a letter to her as "Olive D-for-Dependable Campbell."

It was when Mrs. Campbell was with the Russell Sage Foundation that we discovered our mutual interest in handicrafts and the arts of country people, an interest which I mention here because of her later contribution in this field and because it was also a link which strengthened and lengthened the chain of her communication and cooperation with the Foundation. This was of special importance to me because it led to our working together on many projects after she had left the Foundation to give her time, talent, and energy to the John C. Campbell Folk School.

One day at the Foundation Mrs. Campbell asked me if I could make any suggestions about outlets for the handicrafts which the people of the Southern Mountains were making and could make in quantity if they could find selling outlets. I had seen a few things done by the mountain people, shown usually by some school or settlement through friends in a northern state, and I had talked occasionally with someone from a producing center. I thought it might be possible to find some temporary outlets,

but it seemed that there were two needs more important than pushing for temporary markets. One was to raise the standard of the handicraft products; the other was to form some kind of cooperating organization by which the several mountain centers encouraging handicrafts could do things together which they could not get done separately. We discussed handicraft problems often, we saw all the mountain products we could, and we learned what we could about standards, cooperation, and marketing, with the net result that Mrs. Campbell said, "We must find ways to do more about handicrafts for all the mountain region."

This was one of Olive Campbell's characteristics, as it had been of her husband, John, to think and act in the interest of not one but all groups. So, when later it came to handicrafts for the Folk School, every effort was made to find something that was different that would not imitate or compete with anything that anyone else was making.

As one way to interest a wider group in ways to improve the handicrafts, she invited me, a member of the staff of the Russell Sage Foundation, to go to the annual meeting of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers in Knoxville. That was my first visit to the Southern Highlands and the beginning of our many cooperative undertakings.

At that time, too, I visited Brasstown where the new Folk School was just getting under way. The old farm house was being fixed up and there was a barn, but, I think, no other buildings except—and that seemed of first importance to Olive Campbell and her associate Marguerite Butler — a museum which was being created by the neighbors in the form of two mountain cabins both characteristic of the locality. In them were being placed the simple objects of home and everyday life. One of the first provisions in the building plans of the Folk School was for the preservation of these evidences of the home life and culture of this area. The museum may be described elsewhere, but I cannot forget the importance Olive Campbell attached to these cabins built or reconstructed from abandoned frames in the neighborhood and furnished largely by gifts from pioneer-days brought in by the neighbors. There was no suggestion from her that they were crude or out of date; instead she regarded these "old timey" things with respect, indeed with affection. As she explained to me, they were like those of hundreds of homes throughout the mountains today; they were part of the foundation on which to build.

In the erection of these buildings, where the local workmen, mostly farmers, followed the traditional patterns and methods of construction common to the region, Mrs. Campbell came to know better the hand skills of her rural neighbors and to learn more of the varieties and qualities of the native woods, for no others were used. Soon after the roofs were on, the cabins served as sleeping quarters for some of the boys of the school and farm. It is pleasant to think, as one passes these now quiet buildings in the woods, that there for many a night slept Hayden Hensley, the first and one of the best whittlers of the Folk School. And here is as good a place as any to say something about the "whittlers", or if one prefers, the "carvers" of Brasstown. I prefer "whittlers," for practically all of them — and there are many more now — shape their figures with the pocket-knife instead of with carving tools as is the custom elsewhere. But whatever we call them, this "whittling to a purpose" has taken a very high rank in all the rural handicrafts of our country and of our time. And it is proper to give a few lines to it here because it was one of Mrs. Campbell's visions, and she personally saw it through the early stages until it attained success and its continuity was established. I believe it to be the most remarkable achievement in rural arts which has taken place in many years.

On the dog-trot between the two cabins of the museum is what is known as the "whittlers' bench" from the Fred O. Scroggs country store at Brasstown, and it is the "fittin' symbol" of all, and much more, that I can say here about the Folk School whittlers. "We call it the 'whittlers' bench,'" explained Fred O. the last time I visited him, "because when I kept the store I had a special bench made just for the folks who liked to sit around on the porch and rest themselves. But it wasn't long until some of the fellows that were never in a hurry about anything were operating quite extensively with their pocket-knives on the edge of the bench, so much so that I could see it wouldn't be long until they would be needing a new bench, unless I did something 'about it. So I got one of the boys who helped me in the store to get him some finishing nails, drive them in all around the edge of the seat of the bench, and sink the nails out of sight with a nail-set, so you couldn't see them. Well, it did slow the whittling down a little and made a few nicks in the blades; but they sharpened their knives up again and patiently whittled around the nails, removing them one at a time. Well, the bench was a sight, and to save it from disappearing through the daily inroads of the whittlers,

I gave it to Mrs. Campbell, who kind of admired it, and she put it in the museum; and there it rests."

And Fred O. went on to explain how Mrs. Campbell, as she came to the store and saw the men and boys whittling, or viewed their achievements of the previous day, had said that if only that skill and energy could be turned into a constructive channel, how fine it would be for everybody. And she undertook to see what could be done about it. The results are known to thousands of people now, and there are families in the Folk School area who sometimes earn more money from their whittling than from their farm crops.

All of this I write because I believe that the pattern set by the Folk School whittling has been the greatest single influence on the development of amateur and other small carving throughout the country. Olive saw the skill and energy of the mountaineer. All men and most boys owned and knew how to use that most useful and universal cutting tool, the jackknife; she knew that here was the largest and finest variety of hard wood for whittling in America; and she believed that the native people, with a little encouragement and guidance, could whittle out small objects of animal and plant life native to their environment that would have interest and beauty and charm. For that dream and its realization and its extension, many owe Olive Campbell much.

On our last good walk and visit in the country around Brasstown she took me from one new farm home to another to meet whoever of the young people happened to be home that day. These were mainly new country houses built in the few years that I had been away by young husbands and wives, one or both of whom had been students at the Folk School. They had purchased the land, mortgaged it, and built their houses, doing much of the work themselves; and they had begun raising their families and taking their permanent places in the life of the community. All the homes were modest but very attractive and comfortable with their garden plots and simple modern conveniences. What Olive Campbell wished me especially to see was the furniture and furnishings, much of it made from the native woods and other rural materials by these farmer craftsmen and their wives. I cannot remember a home which did not have, in addition to their own home-made things, some attractive weaving, embroidery, wood carving, hearth broom, metal work, piece of furniture, or some other product of a neighbor's skill and good taste. These homes were the answer, it seemed to me, to the question so often asked, "Will the Folk School idea and philosophy appeal to the young people of the Southern Mountains?"

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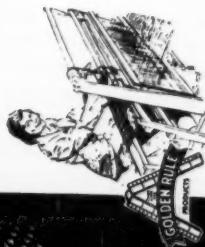
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A New Look



ONE OF OUR READERS wrote, after receiving the last issue of our magazine, "Surely your new recreational director deserves a better picture than that!" And we most heartily agree, for the picture we ran of Ruthie Carroll in the last issue certainly did not do that charming lady justice.

A very occasional photograph shows up that just can't be reproduced, but it is hard to spot these turnips ahead of time because in offset printing, which we use, no halftone cuts are made.

Our printers, bless them, even made an extra run trying to get a clear reproduction, but it just didn't work.

We finally badgered Miss Carroll into getting another picture for us, and we're happy to show her as she really looks.

And while we are on the subject, we thought you might like to know something of what and why things are being done in the field of recreation by Miss Carroll and Lee Spencer, Smith College Workshop Interne.

Both these girls trained in June at the John C. Campbell Folk School in Brasstown, North Carolina. Miss Carroll, who came to work with the Council on September 1, went immediately into the Rural School Improvement Project in Harlan, Owsley, Lee and Morgan counties in Kentucky. She interrupted this work to represent the Council at the National Recreation Congress in St. Louis. From Kentucky she went to Pittman Center and Sevier County in Tennessee and then returned to the Rural School Improvement Project for a month before Christmas vacation. She will attend the Christmas Country Dance School at Berea, serve two county school systems in Kentucky in January and return to Pittman Center and Sevier County for follow-up work in February, attending the Annual Conference while in that area.

Miss Spencer went directly from Brasstown to Hindman Settlement School in Kentucky and then on to the Virginia Highlands Festival in Abingdon. During the latter half of August, through September and on into October, she worked with the Episcopal Church and the public schools in Franklin, North Carolina, and

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the public schools and the Grace Nettleton Home for Girls in Claiborne County, Tennessee. After a few days at the Council office in Berea she went to Hindman, Caney Creek, and Lotts Creek in Knott County. She attended the Southeast Kentucky Regional Meeting of the Council and the Adult Fall Festival at Levi Jackson State Park. In November she went to Pittman Center to relieve Miss Carroll and from there to the public school system in Leslie County, Kentucky. Her schedule - time permitting - includes a return visit to Caney Creek until time for the Christmas Country Dance School. She will go back to Smith College after New Year's to report on her work and will be here in the area again late in January.

And what is all this shuttling to and fro about? It is education in living of the most basic kind. It enriches curriculum and community life. More important still, it stimulates teacher, pupil, school system, church, and community action and inter-action long after the direct service of visits and personal leadership is over.

The Council is not a program agency. It is an agency which conducts program demonstration until the demonstration becomes an accepted part of the responsibilities of the agencies being served.#####

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Music Trio

Those interested in music will be glad to know of two books of songs and a record album of folksongs that have been released recently:

TEN MAORI SONGS arranged by Hemi Piripata, published by Charles Begg & Co. Price \$1.50 from Sam Fox Publishing Co., 1250 Sixth Ave., RCA Building, Radio City, New York, N.Y.

A PLEASANT WAY TO STUDY a people's culture is to learn to sing their folk songs. You not only discover something of their religious spirit, their occupations, and their various (often unique) activities, but you get the "feel" of what makes them what they are.

Ten Maori Songs, a book arranged by Hemi Piripata, offers such a "feel" of Maori culture. The general tone of the book sticks close to the vigorous, athletic character of the Maoris. The songs are lively. Nearly all of them reveal the spirited, march-like quality of many of our hymns in America. For example, the first song, "Haere Ra E Hine," begins with two measures of inverted fifths, (which, incidentally, is the primary tuning for kettle drums) has a chromatic melody, and a common major ending.

However, Maori songs, though energetic and alive, do not lack poetic eloquence. Some of them, as in "Haere Atura" (Adieu), contain phrases that are quiet and sincere and have a touch of melancholy. And their lyrics are actually not very different from our own. Ten Maori Songs contains such titles as "Love Ditty," "Remember Me," and "Sleep Gently, O Maid!"

The book is certainly valuable to any person interested in knowing more about the folk music of other lands. The Maori are a people noted for a tradition of ornamental and decorative art, epic poetry, legends, and mythology. This book is a very recent exposition of that tradition. ##### *Billy Edd Wheeler*



RHYTHMIC PLAY-SONGS, Margaret Allen Franke. Published by Berea College, Berea, Ky. \$1.25. 24 pages. 1954.

Teachers and community workers, as well as parents, will find this beautifully illustrated collection of rhythmic play-songs a great help in satisfying the need for rhythmic expression in younger children. Mrs. Franke, who teaches in the Music Department at Berea College, has written a series of story-

songs that appeal to the grade school child and they all look like fun. Using familiar animal, insect, or toy movements, the composer has written words that are easily understood by children and can be sung by them as they play.

The compositions in this book are not "dances" in the usual meaning of that word, but games that are played in rhythmic form. Each playsong is illustrated with both photographs and drawings, and full directions are given so that each new playing of the game will be a creative experience in itself. These games are for the enjoyment of the children and not for recitals.

That children love and appreciate "act out" songs is easily provable by watching them play "Blue Bird." These new games fill a definite need for fresh material, and they will provide hours of fun for the children who are fortunate enough to be taught them.



FOLK SONGS OF THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS, 16 songs recorded by Patrick Gainer, released by Folk Heritage Records, Morgantown, W. Va., 12-inch, long playing (33 1/3), microgroove, unbreakable, 40 minutes, \$5.00. 1954.

In this day of pseudo—"folksingahs" among the highbrow set, and the "hillbilly" nosewhanglers who cater to the low-brows, it is refreshing beyond words to find a Pat Gainer, who not only loves folksongs but has the voice and the background to sing them well. Gainer has done a distinct service to the folk arts in transcribing sixteen folk songs from the West Virginia mountains.

Pat grew up with some of the songs he sings on this new record, for he was reared in a singing family, much like the Ritchies of Kentucky. Other of the songs he collected in the Mountain State. He sings them all in a tenor voice seldom matched outside Ireland itself.

Dr. Gainer is an English professor at West Virginia University, an avid collector of authentic folksongs, a fine player on the rebec (which is often miscalled a dulcimer), and a fierce foe of "hillbilly" and all that word stands for. He has added to the cultural heritage of our region by presenting these songs in so attractive a manner, and certainly no collection of Southern Mountain folksong records is complete without this new album. #####



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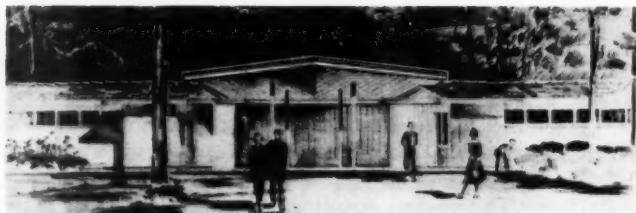
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THE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY ASKS:

Where Will You Be Feb. 16-19?

NOBODY ASKS, "Why does a football team go into frequent huddles?" Everyone understands the sound necessity of a crew-briefing before every flight of a great aircraft. Yet somebody occasionally asks, "What will I get out of an annual conference?" While this is a good question, a companion query, "What can I contribute to it?" is equally pertinent. We hope that you will answer both these questions at the 43rd Annual Conference of the Council of Southern Mountain Workers, Gatlinburg, Tennessee, February 16-19.

And while we are considering questions, perhaps we ought to make sure that everyone knows the correct response to "Who can attend the Conference?" The answer is simple: anyone who is interested in the Appalachian South, its people, or its place in the U. S. and the world. Any person with a deep concern for the region and its people is invited. Last year 292 participants attended the conference from 21 states and the District of Columbia, as well as from Paraguay and India. Ministers and teachers, doctors and nurses, extension agents and librarians, college administrators and superintendents of public and private school systems, high school and college students, and members of lay groups and leaders of many interests will be there this year.

Young people will come on the 16th, Youth Day, for work sessions dealing with the opportunities and challenges within the mountains today. There will also be recreation sessions for them where traditional mountain songs and games will be used. They will then join the adult group in its deliberations.

The adults will arrive en masse on Thursday, the 17th, to take part in interest groups in education, religion, industry, labor, health, agriculture, recreation, and any others for which there is a need. Leaders will include such men as Dr. George Zehmer, Director of Extension at the University of Virginia, who will discuss work in adult education in the mountain states, and John R. Hundley, Director of Industrial Relations and Personnel, Granite City Steel Corporation, Granite City, Illinois, who will speak about the mountain worker as he appears in industry to the north of us.

Fellowship, new friends, information, recreation, planned cooperation for the future - all these values and many more are in store.

Reservations should be made as soon as possible with the Mountain View Hotel, Gatlinburg, Tennessee. ####

If you would like to subscribe to this magazine, fill in your name and address on the form below, and send with \$1.00 to the Council of Southern Mountain Workers, Box 2000, College Station, Berea, Kentucky.

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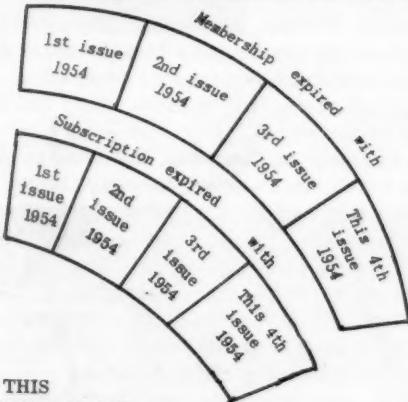
I do not wish to join or subscribe at the moment, but I do wish to be kept informed about the program of the Council _____

Additional questions and comments _____

(Please detach and mail to Box 2000, Berea College, Berea, Ky.)

THE COUNCIL OF SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN WORKERS works to share the best traditions and human resources of the Appalachian Region with the rest of the nation. It also seeks to help solve some of the peculiar educational, social, spiritual and cultural needs of this mountain territory. It works through and with schools, churches, medical centers and other institutions, and by means of sincere and able individuals both within and outside the area.

--Participation is invited on the above bases--



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